

ON THE
First of August, 1716.

*Knowing the Time, that it is High Time to
 awake out of Sleep.*

O Gloomy Day! O melancholly Scene!
 Weep *Europe*: Weep the Death of *Albion's Queen*.
Africk and *Asia* mourn the harsh Decree,
 And the new World the sad Catastrophe.
 Nature laments the inestimable Loss,
 And only *Whigs* and *Devils* can rejoice.
 Distressed *Britain* with her Queen would die,
 But vainly Sighs to the relentless Sky.
 Time, which, to other Sorrows, brings relief,
 Adds to our Woes, and shews new Scenes of Grief.
 Instead of *ANNA's* blessed Days of Peace,
 Bloodshed, and foul Contention, never cease:
 Justice and Mercy with their Patron fly,
 And Thou! most valu'd, dear bought, Liberty!
 The Vertues all are banish'd! What remains
 To wretched *Britain*, but inglorious Chains?
 O may this fatal Day for ever be
 Curs'd! doubly Curs'd! to all Posterity.
 This inauspicious Day, that rob'd our Isles
 Of *ANNA's* Life, and Heaven's indulgent Smiles.
 Nature has mark'd it. Her unerring Rage,
 Has taught the warring Elements to Engage.
 Nothing but Monsters, Plague, Earth, Sea, and Sky,
 Since SHE, at awful Heaven's Summons, soar'd on high,
 And every Day is big with Prodigy. }
 O! had this melancholly Day restor'd,
 To *Britain's* Arms, her injur'd Lord:
 We then had blest it, each revolving Year,
 And with new Honours, grac'd the *Kalendar*.
 But now it stands remark'd, for *Britain's* Scourge,
 The Usher of our Grief, and Tyrant G— }
 This doleful Day each melancholly Bell,
 Throughout our Isles, shall *ANNA's* dying tell,
 And in sad Dirges, ring Her funeral Knell. }
 E'ry good *Britain* hang his mournful Head,
 And sadly sigh; Ah! *Albion's* Queen is dead!
 Rebels shall Plot, their Country to destroy,
 And Monster-*Whigs* confess their guilty Joy.
 With holy Rancour mark the fatal Hour,
 That gave a Birth to Arbitrary Power;
 And in unnatural Transports seek relief,
 Whilst *Britain* feel unconsolable Grief.
 Thus stand distinguish'd, till some happy Hour
 Of thy black Train, our Monarch shall restore:
 Then will we drown our Grievs, and thou blest Day,
 From thence out-shine, *The Twenty-ninth of May*.